

CRUEL AS THE GRAVE; The Secret of Dunraven Castle.

BY ANNIE ASHMORE,
Author of "Faithful Margaret," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

In those days, when the shadow of the future was slowly creeping over the world, my little Ulva gave me the balm of her pure affection, and her father's heart and mine could still meet in our love for her.

At that time England was much vexed by Eastern questions; rival tribes were suing her for help to conquer each other; many conflicting claims were made which it was difficult to judge between. At length it was decided to send a secret agent, accredited by the government, to the scene of trouble, to gather the real rights of the several claimants before England should enter into the negotiations with either side. Lord Inchcape was chosen for the cabinet; statecraft and indomitable courage were requisites for the delicate mission, and in these my lord was deemed highly gifted.

It was sadly significant of the distance which was daily widening between our spirits, that my lord at first made his arrangements for going on his embassy himself, and could hardly be got to believe that his wife preferred to be by his side.

"You mistake the nature of the journey," he remonstrated; "I do not travel with pomp and ceremony as the envoy of a powerful nation; there are reasons why I should go as quietly and as quickly as possible. I shall take no attendants, and I shall follow the obscurest routes." "So much the better," I cried; "I shall be the more together, and I shall be your only attendant, more loving and faithful than any you ever had before!" "Engelonde, I do not require this hard duty of you."

Oh, Raleigh, my husband, were you blind? "I must go with you—do not—do not forbid me!" I prayed with bursting heart. "Why will you deem my wife's love self-sacrifice? I have no life apart from yours. Do not forbid me to go with you." And my lord was silenced; he permitted his child wife to creep within the closing fortress of his heart—almost to take her old place there—only for that shadow of doubt which ever hovered between them. Yet even that half victory was joy unspeakable for me; and as I saw myself included in his every plan, all heaven seemed opening before me—a heaven of hope where doubt would flee away forever. I was happy—happy!

We confided our Ulva to the loving protection of her mother's kindred, the old Countess of Rothay, and bade farewell to the shores of England, for me a long farewell.

And now I was my husband's constant companion; no more came between us; he leaned on me—he looked deep into my heart and almost recognized the only image there to be his own; he must have come to trust me wholly very soon. Ah! I should have died then!

We had reached that great Oriental city where he had arranged to leave me, the rest of his journey to be through a hostile territory, and it would have been folly for me to wish to hamper him with my presence. Four persons had gone from our household ahead of us to prepare a residence for me; my lord and I had journeyed incognito, avoiding in every way the recognition of any one who might identify our persons or rank, for great interests depended upon the secrecy of the mission.

We found a pleasant residence in the suburbs of the city ready for us, and a modest household installed, all was appropriate to the style of well-to-do commoners, which was the disguise we had adopted. The four persons I refer to were: Mr. John Sircombe, who had been my lord's traveling tutor in his youth; Mr. Sircombe's cold, grudging eye when my lord presented him to his bride at Inchcape Fosse, I had never liked him; I felt rather than saw duplicity under that smooth exterior, yet, as my lord placed great confidence in him I was ashamed of my dislike, and never whispered it; so that my dear lord thought he pleased me well when he gave me his secretary for a guardian in his absence, and I accepted him in silence, hoping that I might have no need of a faithful one.

We found letters from England awaiting us, which announced an important amendment in the programme. Lord Inchcape was to have a colleague to share the dangers of his mission, and an officer who had local knowledge of the territory in question, and who could guide the envoy by the shortest and safest route. This gentleman whose name was not mentioned, was to wait upon my lord immediately upon his arrival.

We were in the garden, my lord and I, when the colleague came; the splendor of the tropical verdure was unrolled around us; we were alone, we two, strolling hand in hand among the roses; no sound was heard save our own low, loving voices; love, sweet as the incense of these surrounding blossoms, was in our hearts.

It was the last moment that love lived between us; already the feet that were to trample it dead were at the gate.

A carriage rolled into the court, a guard in blazing uniform rode about it. "Alas! my brother envoy is here," said my husband, regretfully. "We must start within the hour, sweet Engelonde, we must part!" You pressed your beloved lips to mine, my husband, for the last time—the last time! Oh, Raleigh!

Through the scented alleys we heard him come—I lifted up mine eyes—my heart stood still—it was Col. Accrington, my insulating lover—my husband's enemy. What thought you of your young wife's sudden start and pallor? Alas! for Engelonde, that hovering doubt came closer then.

On he came, tall, gaunt, with his noble air, his impassive countenance; nearer, nearer, his measured step trod upon my heart—feet of brass!

He looked up, and came to a dead stop—the line of death passed upon his bronzed cheek.

"You of all the teeming world!" he groaned. I felt the shock that thrilled through my husband as I clung, half sinking to

his arm; he scanned each conscious face with pitiless inquiry, but not a word. "Yes, it is I, Col. Accrington," I retorted, stung into defiance by pain; "and you? I am I, the first wife who has found her happiness in wandering the world over by her husband's side?"

"Perhaps not," replied he, demon prompted; "nor are you the last poor mortal who will wander the world over in search of lost peace, as I have done, in vain."

My lord's brow darkened as the odious picture rose before him of two hearts roaming the world over in search of a balm that might heal the wounds of a hopeless, an unlawful love.

I could not defend myself against the unjust thought in that hated presence, and retired. From my windows I watched the two brother envoys pacing to and fro; I need not have feared that Lord Inchcape would forget his duty to his country to demand private satisfaction for personal injuries. Their discussed business, coldly, courteously, with the infernal fires of jealousy between them.

How changed was my wicked lover's haughty beauty, how blurred by mental strife, how marred by the triumph of evil! Yet I may judge his harshly; he had seen service among the barbarians since he lounged among us in silken slippers, and had borne peril and hardship bravely for England's sake; who shall say that he had not been suffering withering remorse and shame because of his fall from honor? Ay, who shall say, when suffering has not taught him mercy, and he willingly sought misery betwixt my lord and me!

Alone, I pondered how I might save our happiness. We two, so united by truest love, surely we could never be sundered by a mere mistake? Should I now confide that long withheld secret, which had been the only disturber of our peace, leaving my husband to deal with the matter as he judged best? Ah! how I longed to do that! How weary I was of standing in my own poor strength!

But I dared not. What madness, to set two fierce men at enmity, on the eve of a mission which they must undertake together! A revelation now would too likely rupture the only scheme, my lord would be less than human if he could postpone the punishment of his wife's insult.

Silence, at any cost! But, thought I, surely I may appeal to my husband's love, to trust me despite appearances, or to await explanation until his return, and withal hope I supported myself till he should come to bid me farewell.

I watched them part for the time, the colonel strode to the gates, where his cortege waited, my lord entered the house. Slowly he ascended the marble stairs, was he coming straight to his unhappy Engelonde, to take her in loving arms, and win from her the truth with generous forbearance?

Slowly, heavily he paced onward—passed my chamber door—oh, love! was it well? and entering his private apartment, locked it upon all the world, and me.

Shut out, Judged, condemned, bereft of even one chance of vindication. Was it well, my Lord Inchcape?

In stupid misery I remained where I was, and the precious moments fled away forever. The sound of the horses' hoofs, as Kenmore brought them to the door, roused me at last. In sudden panic I hurried to my husband's door, and knocked till, against his will, he opened. He started back when he saw that it was his wife who would not be denied, then led me in with cruel punctiliousness.

I threw myself at his feet. "You have no cause in me for anger or sorrow, Oh, Raleigh, lift me to your heart again!" I pleaded.

"I have not accused you," said my lord, "Riser, that is not the attitude of a guileless wife." How austere; each word a morsel of ice! I wondered at its cruelty. I had yet to learn that jealousy is cruel as the grave.

"I kneel for justice, not for mercy," I answered proudly; "look in my true eyes and say that you can doubt my loyal love for you." He gazed into my eyes, he was moved; what blight was on him that he could foster doubt even yet?

"Fain would I believe in your love for me as much as you believe in it," said he, "but I have seen you sinking under the weary strife of your heart against honor. I am too old for you; you wish to be true to me, you are true to me, as I believe, in act and thought, but you are dying of the struggle."

"And you suspect my heart of straying from you to that man?" I cried desolately.

Just then came a hurried knock, my maid Mary was seeking her mistress to deliver a letter which she had been ordered to place in my own hand; too simple to divine the intended secrecy of the transaction, she had brought it to me thus.

My lord handed me the letter with a bitter sneer; it was from Colonel Accrington, I knew the hand at once, I was stricken dumb by the calamitous conjunction of the circumstances.

"Allow me to leave you, madam, to the perusal of your admirer's rhapsodies," taunted Lord Inchcape. I sprang after him, I thrust the loathed thing into his hand.

"Open and read, and deal with the water as he merits," I implored, my courage fainting under his unjust disdain. And then the thought that I had delivered up my lord to destruction pierced my heart, and wrung a moan of anguish from my lips. My lord's fierce hand paused ere he had broken the seal—he regarded me with a sardonic smile.

"You repent of your candor?" questioned he.

"Only for your dear sake!" I moaned. "And partly for your friend's, eh?" mocked my cruel love; "very well, second thoughts are often best. Should I read this billet-doux to-day? I should be hampered with an affair of honor before we start upon our mission. Duty forbids the gratification of my private amosities until I return; therefore I will postpone that pleasure for the present."

He locked the letter within his desk and secured the key.

The call of the bugle rang gayly. Kenmore knocked, announcing the cortege to be in view; my lord turned a look of strange gaze upon his suspected wife, who stretched out her arms for one last embrace in speechless agitation—but stretched them forth in vain.

"When I return—if you are worthy," muttered he.

"Oh, God! you cannot leave me thus!" I whispered.

But he could; he did leave me, with-out a glance of love's relenting.

He was gone; my love, my life! Gone with the light shiver of harness, and the clash of arms, with the thunder of cavalry and the gay bugle call; gone with doubt of his Engelonde in his breast, so that they skulked away abashed.

all unconscious of the terrible evil she had done me, waited upon me affectionately.

Kenmore had accompanied his master. Afterwards I discovered that it was Mr. Sircombe's own man Nathan who had been bribed by Colonel Accrington to carry a clandestine letter to me. That Mr. Sircombe had contrived that through the simplicity of my maid it should be delivered to me in the presence of my lord, and that Mr. Sircombe's object in questioning the maid was to infuse doubts of her mistress' fidelity into her mind, that I might be judged and condemned by my household.

Mr. Sircombe had never welcomed a mistress to his patron's house; he had been the post of confidential adviser to Lord Inchcape too long for him to give it up gracefully.

Night fell, the first which had seen my lord sundered from me.

In that lonely suburb perfect silence reigned; I lingered on the balcony outside my chamber windows hour by hour, heedless of the passage of the night, abandoning myself to my sorrow.

While I watched and prayed there came to me from the light beat of horses' hoofs—I almost thought the fancy, for who could be coming so late out of the heart of the hot, sweet tropic night, whose golden moon shone on all I loved many a long league away?

But it was no fancy—on it came, I heard the shiver of harness, the clash of armor; a horseman was galloping toward me; through the dense foliage I caught a glimpse of a man in armor, he rode up to the gate. A dark premonition rooted me to the spot. I thought that the foe had fought, that my lord was wounded or slain, and that Kenmore had returned to tell the tale.

Clinging to the marble balustrade I awaited the coming of the messenger. He dismounted at the gate, and strode through the clustering shadows of the gardens; I shook out my handkerchief in mad impatience, and he swerved and came toward me. But it was not the rugged form of old Kenmore that burst from the shadowy alleys into the lamplight moonshine. It was my wicked lover, it was his face, worn and desperate, which looked up at me.

"Hush!" he murmured again, "and do not taunt me—be more merciful. Why did you not answer my letter? Had you done so I would not have been goaded to this madness. No, madam, I have not deserted my post; I have but left the camp where my Lord Inchcape sleeps in peace—I hope to return before I am missed. Lady Inchcape, I cannot leave you—it may be forever—without your forgiveness. For that I sued you in my letter, for that I have ventured back here to-night. Ah, be kind for once, and give me one gentle word."

So, while the honors and emoluments were showered upon the successful envoy, the deserter from his post was summoned before the Oriental commission to make his defense.

What explanation had my lord to offer? My lord had no explanation to offer, as his enemy well knew. The truth could have been told his fault, and blasted his adversary—but to tell the truth would have been to smirch the reputation of his wife.

"My lords," said he to his frowning conferees, "honor compels me to silence; I can only say that Richard Accrington and I have played a deadly game, and that I have lost."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CURIOUS FACTS.

There are five States of the German Empire each smaller than Rhode Island.

Socrates was said to remember the faces and names of all who attended his discourses.

When shad first made their appearance in California they were worth \$1.20 per pound.

Jonahad Almanor, the famous linguist, could converse in twenty-seven different languages.

Beethoven could remember any selection of music he had ever heard and reproduce most of it.

The practice of clay eating is common throughout the torrid zone, and is not unknown in Sweden, Norway, Finland and New Caledonia.

Dead bodies, when taken as cargo on a ship, are always described as either statuary or natural history specimens, owing chiefly to the superstitious sailors.

Wheat can be grown in the Alps at an elevation of 3600 feet; in Brazil, at 5000; in the Caucasus, at 8000; in Abyssinia, at 10,000; in Peru and Bolivia, at 11,000.

An acrobat in a Spokane (Wash.) theatre fell from a height, landing upon and seriously injuring a spectator. The spectator sued the manager and received \$800.

The Duke of Cumberland, only son and heir of the late King George of Hanover, was born without a nose. He is a man of singularly enlightened and progressive mind.

Quebec has its name from an Algonquin word signifying "take care of the rock." There was a dangerous reef in the river opposite the place where the city was afterward built.

American craft and ingenuity is appreciated even in South Africa. There is now in course of construction in New York City an immense passenger elevator which is to be placed in a sky-scraping building in Johannesburg.

Dutch military cycling volunteers have to pass a real examination before they are accepted for the maneuvers, but when passed they get five florins a day, first-class traveling fare, and are lodged as officers at the expense of the State.

In the excavations in England on the site of the supposed Roman villa one of the most interesting discoveries is the elaborate system of warming by heated air. In several places the arrangement of flues is in perfect condition.

A Portland (Mo.) man years ago left his property to his two sons. They divided it by lot, one getting valuable downtown property, the other uptown lots of less value. But the city grew, and now the second man's holdings are the most valuable.

A man died recently near Lebanon, Penn., at ninety-two years of age. He had been the father of twenty-two children, fifteen of whom survived him. There were besides, at the time of his death, 110 grandchildren and ninety-six great-grandchildren.

The Ingham County (Michigan) Circuit Court concerned itself two days, Monday and Tuesday, in a litigation involving a calf, valued at \$18. Wednesday and Thursday the court settled a sheep case, where the difference between the parties was fifty cents.

shrugged his shoulders with a motion of light appeal. "A base revenge, this, sir, which brands you liar and coward," I retorted. I detained the secretary, who faint would have escaped. "You, who have listened to every word that passed between that base man and me, can give back my lord his lost faith—dare not to withhold your testimony!" I said.

He looked upon the ground with vacant eye—he was mute.

I heard my lord's insane burst of laughter, while the red blood gushed anew from his side; and then I fell down smitten to the heart by love's cruelty and lust's revenge.

My lord's wound was deep and dangerous, for many weeks he lay in helpless suffering, incapable of defending his interests, and that was the time Colonel Accrington took to compass his ruin. He had taken from my lord all the papers connected with the embassy, and departed, accompanied by his own servant, to accomplish the work which had been confided to Lord Inchcape.

I was alike beyond the reach of sorrow or shame, the shock of that night had thrown me into a languishing fever, in which for many sad days delirium lured and mocked me with visions of lost happiness; but my mind intervals were spent in humble prayer. I earnestly examined my great love to see of what bluish I might purify it, so that God might have pity upon me and give me back my husband's.

Alas! wherein was I lacking, that I got no deliverance at all?

My lord recovered sufficiently to travel before I knew of his fall from another— he had received orders to return to England instantly, and he obeyed. Mr. Sircombe accompanied him—better would it have been for me if he had never obtained the ear of Inchcape again, for my destruction was now become necessary to his tenure of office, and too well I knew that he wielded a malign influence over my lord's mind with regard to the suspected wife.

Not till months had passed and my health was restored, did I learn the calamity which had befallen my Lord Inchcape through his fatal delusion that night. Colonel Accrington had taken a foul revenge, his business towards me was transcended far by the incredible treachery with which he betrayed Lord Inchcape.

Colonel Accrington had accomplished, with brilliant success, the mission which had been confided to my lord, he had returned to England to report his success, and when questioned concerning the singular disappearance of his principal from the scene of action, had boldly stated that Lord Inchcape and he had started on the expedition together, that Lord Inchcape had turned back after a few hours' riding, on private business of his own, and that he had been left to proceed by himself.

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DAINTY COSTUME FOR HOME ENTERTAINMENT.

hence new ideas in belts are brought forward every day. A fine wire chain belt, as flexible as ribbon almost, has a buckle of two hearts that overlap and are set with turquoises. Another belt is of a thin blade of chased silver with flat, square buckles, set in a curious oriental fashion with various colored stones. Ribbon belts come to match all the exquisite new shades of silk, and have dainty bows of ribbon with small rhinestone buckles in the centre. There are tiny rings of silver set with tiny stones, that may be sewed on the belt to form a chain of brilliants through the centre, or to stud it at intervals. Except on very brilliant occasions, these would look a little loud.

Buttons seem to be returning to favor, and they will be welcome, for bad as dressmakers hate to make buttonholes, they would rather do it than submit to the constant growl about hooks that never stay fastened, and eyes that elude the most skillful fingers. Some of the buttons are exquisite pieces of workmanship, and are of flagstone gold and silver. A few are set with real garnets and turquoises, and the most artistically expensive ones are painted ivory or stone china, set in quaintly wrought rims. The vests of tailor-made gowns that have fly-open coats are fastened from neck to lower edge with neat little buttons, generally of the same material as the dress.

Large pearl buttons are a feature of the modernized Eton suits, which are with us again. There is just enough difference in the suit of the new garments to make you wish that you had waited till this season to buy. One fancy in the jacket is to hook it to the vest down the sides, and not let it fly open, as it did last season. It will not be hard to accommodate the old style to that feature, however. As for the sleeves, they can't get any bigger, for there is nothing to hold them out, except it be a wire cage. I did hear of one young woman who utilized her big sleeves on a rainy, sloppy day to stow her packages in, and they might be made to serve as market baskets, but it is quite probable that they have reached the highest point of all their greatness, and will soon fall, like a bright exhalation in the evening, and no man see them more. My, but women will look funny then!

The fancy show many novelties for spring. Those made of the English eyelet embroidery and ribbons are among the latest. To a pink satin stock an embroidery is fastened, which is finished at the waist line by a broad band of pink ribbon. Other novelties are of eyelet insertion and bands of ribbon. These fronts are very charming worn with jaunty little cloth jackets. Light silk fronts, in all the new shades, are stylish trimmed with coarse black lace insertion.

Here is some French authority on the use of crinolines: "The best dress-makers are now using stiff interlinings with great moderation. There is a general tendency to discard its use altogether as a lining, employing the crinoline, moreen, haircloth or other fabric for an entirely separate under-skin. Some of the new silk skirts are made to carry out this idea, being faced with haircloth at the hem, and trimmed very full around the bottom with piped or corded silk frills, about

THE LATEST OUT.

RECENT WRINKLES ON THE
FACE OF DAME FASHION.

Welcome Return of Buttons—Silk the Fabric for Early Season Wear—Possible Forerunner of Hoopskirts.

THE world seems to have gone wild on the subject of ornamentation, says the Washington Star. There is no stone too precious to imitate for every-day garniture, and silver is so common and so cheap that the charwoman would be frowned upon in the swell West End scullery regions if she were to pinion her Bath bun headress with anything grosser than a silver dagger. The new throat or collar buckles are not so barbarously wide as they were for awhile, but they are longer and prettier. Some of them look like crocheted silver wire, and are flexible. A few are set with brilliants, but though these are really worn by some people of unquestioned good taste in broad daylight over a tailor-made gown, it is yet open to question whether it is quite proper. Bracelets of heavy silver log chains, fastened with a tiny padlock, are not new in conception, but are in design. They are not pretty either.

The reign of fancy bodices seems to be at its height. The bodice still has a fancy for stopping at the waist line,

three inches wide. Inexpensive skirts are also made of moreen or haircloth alone, some fashioned with a closely fitted yoke, with kilts or box plaits



FANCY FRONT MADE OF RIBBON.

joined to this yoke, that flare very much from the knees down, giving a like spreading effect to the dress skirt worn above it. A few of these skirts are silk covered. It is thought among importers that these skirts are forerunners of hoop skirts.

Silk will be the fabric of all fabrics for early season wear. Merchants quote enormous sales of the very light wash silks for summer wear, and of the darker ones for wear after Easter. Taffetas, so durable and light, will hold their own, but surah and gros grain will push it hard. There are some odd fancies in evening silks

-Senator Hawley as a Singer.
"Calm and sedate," says the Washington Post, "appears Senator Hawley upon the floor of the Senate. When he speaks, his voice is pleasant, but it does not recall the sounding brass or the tinkling cymbals. Very different is the Senator Hawley who joins in gleeful or patriotic song with his old comrades of the war. Then he is an enthusiastic, fervent chorister. He swings his arms as he beats time, and from his throat pours forth a Niagara of melody. The air quivers with tuneful sounds and echoes with diapason notes. When he mounts upon a chair and sings 'My Country 'Tis of Thee,' as he did the other night at the Loyal Legion banquet, it is a sight and an occasion to stir the coldest heart. But even this is as an ant to



UNITED STATES SENATOR HAWLEY.

an elephant compared with his rendition of 'Marching Through Georgia.' Then is the climax reached. The atmosphere palpitates, the heart beats tumultuously, an infectious enthusiasm intoxicates the crowd. Senator Hawley as a singer beats the world."

And the Doctor Kicked Himself.

A very eminent physician had cured a little child from a dangerous illness. The thankful mother turned her steps toward the house of her son's savior.

"Doctor," said she, "there are some services which cannot be repaid. I did not know how to express my gratitude. I thought you would, perhaps, be so kind as to accept this purse, embroidered by my own hands."

"Madam," replied the doctor, roughly, "medicine is no trivial affair, and our visits are only to be rewarded in money. Small presents serve to sustain friendship, but they do not sustain our families."

"But, doctor," said the lady, alarmed and wounded, "speak; tell me the fee."

"Four hundred dollars, madam." The lady opens the purse, takes out five bank notes of \$200 each, gives two to the doctor, puts the remaining three back in her purse, bows coldly and departs.—Amusing Journal.

Cycling on Railway Ties.

One of the curiosities in the bicyclist line is an invention by a young Californian named J. W. Ritchey. It is a machine for pedaling along railway tracks, and the inventor claims for it



CYCLING ON THE RAIL.

a speed of from twenty to twenty-five miles an hour. The means by which Ritchey has adapted the familiar roadster to the gauge of a railway are as follows: He has attached a four-inch flanged wheel, shaped exactly like a large spool, to a rod in front of the hind wheel, and a similar one on an arm projecting about three feet in front. In addition to this an eight-inch wheel at the end of a rod so arranged as not to interfere with the working of the pedals, runs on the other rail. In this way the machine is perfectly balanced, and all the rider has to do is to work the pedals in the usual way. The inventor seems to believe that before long semi-deserted passenger trains will be followed by an endless procession of "bikes," on which idle conductors and despairing news agents will gaze helplessly from the rear platform, but just how the objections of railway companies to such use of their tracks is to be overcome is not vouchsafed.

Business Aphorisms.
Big debts come from big promises. Leaks in business are like gimlet holes in a barrel. Little ideas and big successes never go together. A careless merchant will have careless customers. A neat store and neatly printed stationery go together. If expense had a money value, some men would be wealthy. Success is very coy and will remain only when treated well. Place your confidence upon actual cash and you don't misplace it. Some clerks cultivate their mustaches more carefully than they do business sense.—Shoe and Leather Facts.

A Napoleonic Mot.

One night at a court ball in the Tuilleries Napoleon III. was so attentive to a beautiful young woman as to excite comment among the other women. At last, in response a direct tribute to her beauty, she said:

"Ah, but Your Majesty compliments me too much."

"How remarkable," he replied, with a twinkle in his eye, "that you should say just what every other woman here is thinking."—Detroit Free Press.

The Federal Government of Mexico

offers a bonus of four cents for every rubber tree planted. In addition to this, the State Government of Oaxaca offers one cent.



CONCERT HATS.

the appearance of going abroad bareheaded. Some of the jeweled affairs that are used for this purpose are simply exquisite. One to be put against a rabbit's ear bow of ribbon is of dead gold set with turquoises; the other is an agrette on a pair of Mercury wings of gold set with pearls. The center pearl is set around with diamonds. Both of these ornaments are made to stand against a high knotted coiffure.

Broad, deep collars or short capes of heavy lace are very handsome over close-fitting waists. They come at all prices, but are never very cheap. One of the new fashions is to have a collar made with six points of lace. Around each point is sewed, full, a finer lace, about three inches in width. The neck is finished with a folded chiffon collar, or ribbon, as is preferred. The collar, made in this fashion, is very lovely. It covers the front and back of the waist to the bust line and stands out well over the full sleeve. These collars can be made for much less money than they can be bought for in the shops.

Yokes of lace, with deep berthas attached, are very smart little affairs to wear over a high cut waist or to cover the neck and shoulders when a low cut bodice is worn. They, too, are finished with a chiffon, satin or velvet ribbon collar.

Long, full, straight vest pieces of chiffon and lace insertion are extremely becoming. The chiffon is full and laid in fine plaits. The piece of lace insertion goes between the folds of the chiffon, and the whole thing hangs full over the waist line.

A sheet of pen drawings by Michael Angelo was discovered recently in a London auction room. The subjects were sketches for holy families and allegorical groups. The price brought \$1900 at auction.